

## BONES

A few of the sun  
bleached bones he  
finds walking these  
Truckee woods he keeps.  
He favors the  
least damaged ones  
& places them  
on the mantle  
above the stove  
at home. They  
act as vague  
reminders of  
an earlier time  
& events to come.

## LILACS

I love lilacs.  
Hell, I love  
most plants,  
but I love  
lilacs especially.  
They take me  
back to the 40s  
when I was  
a smart kid,  
made whistles out  
of their leaves  
(to show off)  
& knew nothing  
about beauty.

## LATE JULY IN TRUCKEE

The daisies that flourished  
in June are dying,  
but there's still a  
few survivors out back.  
I take scissors & cut  
four that are bent over  
hugging the ground &  
stick them in a green  
wine bottle filled with  
cool water. They add  
color & an illusion of  
hope to our living room  
& hang on for five days.

## OUR THREE DOGS

The dogs follow me.  
We have three,  
& they follow  
me room to room.  
Pack animals  
I've been told.  
I'm their leader  
neither wolf nor dog  
but dominant man.  
Feeling this  
responsibility,  
I try to be fair.  
I believe they  
love me or  
have me fooled.